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At the Theatres.



A play called *Yakie*, by C. B. Lewis, of the Detroit Free-Press, was done at the Twenty-third Street Theatre Monday evening by Alf Wyman and Lulu Wilson, specialty actors.

Mr. Lewis is widely known for his humorous "M. Quad" sketches, which are quoted liberally throughout the country. His talent for this line of work, however, in no way serves to fit him for the task of play-making. We have it on the authority of both Fred Marsden and Charles Gayler that the obstacles in constructing a specialty vehicle are almost insurmountable. Although the class of work is worthy of no literary rank whatever, nevertheless it requires a certain peculiar skill which few people possess. Mr. Lewis is not one of the few.

The plot of *Yakie* is stale and uninteresting. It is clumsily arranged and awkwardly developed. The dialogue is witless and frequently maddening.

Mr. Wyman, who acted *Yakie*, is a German dialect comedian of fair abilities. He sings as well as a good voice badly trained will permit. Miss Wilson imparted a good deal of bounce and bluster to the part of Louisa. The rest of the company deserve no particular mention. The piece was mounted decently.

Mr. Strakosch has been unfortunate in his choice of attractions since he undertook the management of this house, but THE MIRROR hopes the succeeding company, headed by Charlotte Thompson, in The Romanoff, will be more successful.

Clara Morris' *Camille*, seen at the Third Avenue Theatre Monday, was as absorbing in intensity and as psychologically magnetic as ever. The woes of the self-sacrificing Parisienne were presented with harrowing effect, and tears, idle tears, flowed copiously from the optics of a numerous and thoroughly sympathetic audience. There is a vast contingent among the theatre-going public who prefer to cry than to laugh any day, and these are inevitably corralled whenever Miss Morris appears as the lachrymose Dame aux Camélias. On the occasion of which we write she played with wonderful power, the bursts of emotion in the later scenes, real flashes of rough genius, fairly thrilling the house.

George Clarke is a capital Armand. He possibly fails to embody the youthful, passionate impetuosity of the character, but there can be no question about the sincerity and forcefulness of the impersonation. Frederic de Belleville was an ideal Count de Varville, playing with exquisite ease and finish. The Duval of Mr. Varrey was also a fine piece of acting. Mrs. Eldridge, the best Madame Prudence before the public, of course did herself justice. The other parts were in good hands.

The Lights o' London has been played any number of times at any number of houses in this city, but the melodrama on its reappearance at the Windsor Monday night attracted a large audience. We have on many occasions commented favorably on Mr. Sims' ingenious and highly-colored picture of London life.

The cast interpreting the play at the Windsor is a very good one, comparing advantageously with previous representations. Mr. Collier is wise in selecting artists of merit to maintain the impression created by the early performances of the drama.

The adventures of The Silver King at the Grand Opera House Monday were watched with the closest attention by a very large assemblage. In many respects the performance was as good as the original at Wallack's. A young Scotch actor who has attained considerable prominence in the British provinces—Coulter Bentley—was satisfactory, but nothing more, as Wilfred Denver. Miss Carey as the persecuted wife made an agreeable impression. The rest of the characters were in good hands.

Among Monday night's influx of melodramas was The Romany Rye at the Fourteenth Street fare! well, a large house gathering to enjoy its lurid attractions. Jack Hearne, played by Mr. Hardie, was a vigorous performance that held the spectators spell-bound during the development of the story. The Gertie Heckett of Gussie De Forrest was a strong, albeit a somewhat antique, characterization. The Romany Rye will no doubt run out the week profitably.

The rejuvenated Fun on the Bristol was brought out at the People's Theatre on Monday night by Rice's Travestic company. The present company does not compare favorably with the original. Edwin H. Carroll is the Gertie Heckett—the part made famous by

John F. Sheridan. There is none of Sheridan's coarseness in Mr. Carroll's performance; but he lacks the fun-making ability of the creator. Frank Tannehill, Jr., played his old part, Tom Cranberry, the bashful youth, to perfection. He has played nothing else for the past five seasons, and 1,500 consecutive performances here and abroad have made him at home in it. Rose Dana, pretty young woman with a weak voice, acted Dora, the widow's eldest daughter, very nicely. Nora, the second daughter, was played by Lulu Evans, who sings very well. She was given several encores for her work in the *Trovatore* burlesque. A. J. Bruno appeared as the Italian Professor, and introduced his well-known specialties. His villain business in *Trovatore* was especially well done. D. D. Bedell, who would be a very good tenor if he could keep the upper notes out of his nose, was Dora's lover. His singing of Manrico received the greatest applause of the evening. Marion Fiske played her old part of the colored servant, in which she is not seen to advantage. She is too clever to be lost in the disguise of burnt-cork, which ill-fits any woman. However, the gallery gave her a warm welcome. The smaller parts were acceptably filled. The houses have been from fair to good thus far.

Daly's is closed. Duff's Opera company, which gave a really enjoyable performance of *Heart and Hand*, failed to "catch on" for some reason, probably because the composition itself lacks the element of catchiness almost entirely. The house will reopen Tuesday week with a German comedy, adapted by the manager, in which the regular stock company will appear. We note among the names on the roster several new people, as well as nearly all the old favorites. Mr. Daly announces the debut of "a young gentleman of New York society." Just in what degree the stage will be benefited by this acquisition remains to be seen. Pray heaven 'tis not a dud.

The Semitic Kiralfys bear the banner with the strange device, *Excelsior*, at Niblo's to a succession of good houses. Although the spectacle deserves to eclipse the longevity of The Black Crook, we are very certain that it won't. Six months in New York and a couple of seasons on the road will wear it out. At least, that is the opinion of those who ought to know the commercial value of such a property.—At last there is to be a change of bill at the Comique. The Mulligan Guard Ball stops rolling Saturday night, and next Monday The Mulligan Guard Picnic will divert the patrons of Harrigan and Hart's delightful theatre for a time. The first revival's success sets at rest any doubt as to the renewed prosperity of those which are yet to come.—The Star Theatre is well filled on nearly every evening, although there have been several performances of *Francesca da Rimini* to small houses. The play will be kept on till Irving's advent.—The Madison Square Theatre continues *The Rajah* to fine business. The clever acting of the men and the charming work of the ladies in the cast, together with the perfect scenery and stage appointments, easily account for the long life and healthful draught of this comedy.—At Pastor's Vim still holds the boards and furnishes recreation to the lower order of our citizens. The return of Mr. Pastor and his truly enjoyable form of entertainment will prove an agreeable change from the farrago of nonsense and lugubrious horse-play that characterizes the present attraction.

The Musical Mirror.

Mme. Carreno's pianoforte playing at the Casino concert last Sunday evening was very satisfactory. This artiste's execution is clear and distinct. Her crescendo is gradual and unforced, and her scale playing is very even and smooth. She is a really good performer; to call her a great one would be to insult her own judgment and that of the musical public. Mme. Carreno is in her playing as in her pretty face, charming and child-like, everything that is pleasing, nothing that is profound. Her work is as the rippling of a summer streamlet over shining pebbles—glittering, but shallow, not like the swelling flood of a majestic river; therefore, Mme. Carreno is at her best when she plays light and graceful music, as she did on Sunday evening last. Liszt's *Fantaisie* on Hungarian airs was given with spirit and beauty of execution. Chopin's *Berceuse* was exquisitely played, as far as touch and tone go; but the innigkeit—the soul of the work—did not make itself apparent. It was like the playing of a wonderful child. Mme. Carreno is a pretty woman and a pretty player, whom no one with eyes to see and ears to hear can look on or listen to without pleasure and admiration. Mendelssohn's "Scherzo" from the "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Delibes' "pizzacato" from "Sylvie" were the gems of the evening's entertainment. Gounod's overture to "Mireille" is a very unmeaning ramble of wandering tones, signifying nothing, and the rest of the selections were of the order of the chip in porridge—neither harm nor good.

La Princesse des Canaries draws good houses, and Aimee's acting as the English girl is a thing to wonder at. The programme throughout is excellent, and as we most thoroughly discussed its merits last week, we will not waste time or space now, save only to say that the work of Mr. Graul's troupe is worthy of careful study and judicious, not abject, imitation.

tation by all who profess to be or aspire to become comic opera artists.

Heart and Hand has gone on the road—we trust on the road to success. Nevertheless, we deem it a great pity that so much care and talent should be wasted on such very poor music as that of Heart and Hand, in making which the composer may have put a good deal of hand, but very little heart.

The Merry Duchess, as we predicted, is, if not exactly first favorite of the field, at least high up in the betting. The thoroughly perfect stage management, the even excellence of the performance, the wit of the dialogue, and the talent of most of the actors have saved the rather weak music from extinction; for verily the music, though pretty here and there, is sadly diluted. Having carefully and honestly reviewed the merits and demerits of this piece, done justice to all according to our best judgment, we will say no more than that it is a most agreeable way to spend an evening, and that as an example of perfect stage management Mr. Barker's work is admirable in its thorough completeness. Mr. Clay's music has all advantage given to it by the sterling support it is receiving from the excellent stage setting and the thoroughly competent company.

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Some changes have been made in the cast of *Prince Methusalem* at the Casino. Miss Jeannie Winston now plays the Prince, and plays him right well. She is the very best figure of a man we have ever seen in a member of the gentle sex—her bearing and style altogether so thoroughly masculine that it is difficult to persuade oneself that the tall, slender, gallant-looking young fellow on the stage can be the agreeable feminine person that in her own house and in her own clothes makes her home happy. Mr. Bell takes Maflin's part of Duke Cyprian, a most ungrateful task, inasmuch as Maflin acted it admirably and looked so exquisitely funny that the remembrance of him lingers in the mind. Nevertheless Mr. Bell made a distinct success, much to his credit. Mr. Frank Dowd enacted Vulcan better than Mr. Standish, who, to our thinking, somewhat overdid the character. Mr. Dowd hit it precisely, acting nothing too much nor too little. The new Brigands, Messrs. Atwood, Taylor, Sanger and Guise, did almost as well dramatically and far better vocally as their predecessors in the cast. Mr. McCarthy as Feurstein and Mr. Kaufman as Mandelbaum are now really the most characteristic pictures in the opera. Mr. Wilson is extremely funny as Duke Sigismund, and his song, "The Doctor on the I," in spite of that most ill-advised and thoroughly provincial personality in the second verse, has caught on. The drill of the new chorus, both in singing and in the military maneuvers, was excellent. We never saw "Order arms" done with such exact synchronism before, even by veteran soldiers.

The new conductor, Mr. John Hill, is a great acquisition to the opera company. He is a musician of ripe experience—has a thorough knowledge of his business in all its details, and a gentleman of excellent breeding. He has conducted in London, America and Australia, and always with success.

Miss Emma Carson has improved wonderfully since her first appearance with Mr. McCaul's opera company. She is fast losing a certain stiffness acquired during her wild western rambles, and gaining an unaffected, natural demeanor. Her singing, always pleasant, is now growing artistic. The voice itself is really charming.

Miss Bernetta, who made a private appearance before a few invited guests at the Star Theatre yesterday afternoon, has a fine, solid mezzo-soprano voice trained as a dramatic soprano. The lower and middle notes are rich and well timbred; but the upper ones very harsh. Her method is declamatory but good; her execution very rough, especially her trill, which is extremely bad. We admire her voice, but doubt its staying power, as the finale of each of the pieces was weakly and imperfectly given. Nevertheless, Miss Bernetta is better than any of the singers who have "come home to die" after loudly trumpeted triumphs abroad during the past few years. Her style lacks refinement—it is what is called in Italy *una voce di villagiatura*—good for country towns, but not trained delicately enough for metropolitan requirements.

The Paris *Figaro* informs its readers that a new edition of Alexandre Dumas' dramatic works will appear sometime this Fall. This new edition has been issued for the sole purpose of giving the author a chance to defend his particular views of dramatic art. It will consist of ten large volumes, the first of which will be a preface, each play retaining its original introduction. In this one introductory preface to prefaces Dumas intends to answer all the criticisms which have appeared in the press, after the production of each and every one of his dramas. He will give especial attention to Zola and realism in the modern comedy-drama, and endeavor to convince his adversaries that the stage is not a place for mere amusement, but that it should be the one grand means of instructing the public, calling their attention to some of the vital questions of the day. This, has Dumas so often advocated that it will be quite interesting to see what new arguments he can introduce in his preface volume. Be it as it will, this edition of Dumas' dramatic works will be very valuable to authors, and may suggest many topics for the higher form of the American drama.

The Giddy Gasher.



ON MIND READING.

That persistent old lady, Mrs. Bishop, who had a divorce case of unusual prominence, is the proprietor of one Mind Reader. A worthy woman named Brown has produced another, and I begin to think my mother is the proprietor of a third.

I'm what the Spiritualists call "developing," and I discern that people don't think of that which they are talking about, and vice versa—particularly versa. The working of the human mind lays so far over anything they have in the ground floor of Peter Cooper's Perpetual Exhibition, that instead of flattening my nose before a cider press in action or a patent revolving strabismus gas-light, I give my undivided attention to that which is going on in the minds of my neighbors.

In a railroad car lately I saw John Stetson making friends with a schoolboy. The little shaver had a bundle of books, and the genial John looked them over.

"So these are your lesson-books? Brown's Grammar. I hope you find that a pleasant study. I don't think I cared much for grammar when I was a boy."

"I hate it," lisped the youngster.

"Pinnock's English History." That's good," continued John; "it's well to be up in that now, there's so many British duffers coming over just now. And what's this? As I live, an old friend—Greenleaf's Arithmetic."

The little boy went on to explain that Greenleaf wasn't used in his school, but he'd taken it there to learn tables out of.

Did Stetson hear one word of all that? No. He talked away and held that arithmetic in his hand, and I looked at his internal works, and this was the sort of thing they were running on about:

"Greenleaf's Arithmetic—she wore a green check gingham most of the Summer and ate the chalk all the time we were at the blackboard—certainly, multiply the multiplicand by the denominator. The sassafras root Dave Sumner dug at the mile-stone laid in the bag with my Greenleaf, and it smelled of all Winter." [John sniffed the boy's Greenleaf as if possibly all Greenleaves had the sassafras odor; then he opened the book and went on talking inside.] "Long division, with all the sums fixed up by little Lizzie, who made little faces in all the oughts—Lizzie, who used to put her hand down behind the bench and clasp that of her boy neighbor. Dear! dear! how long ago! If John and Thomas can run half a mile while a hen can trot five rods in two and a quarter minutes, how long will it take Helen to eat a hard-boiled egg?" Greenleaf's Arithmetic, 3 into 25 goes 8 and 1 over. Lizzie had warts on her hand, but what matter? Lizzie did those very vulgar fractions for me, and the time thus saved was spent on that big hill after early chestnuts. How the wind did blow on that hill! Chestnuts were too weak to resist that shaking up."

And thus on, and on went Stetson's mind while he talked with the lad.

"Mt. Vernon!" shouted the conductor, and the school-boy got off; and it was not till we reached Stamford that John Stetson had grown up to the forty-odd years of a pleasant and useful life.

Let me look around the car. There sits Robert Collyer; some one remarks behind him: "How much that gentleman resembles Beecher."

I look into Collyer's mind and some such process is going on as this:

"Beecher—the busy B's. Why, the world fairly hums with 'em. There was old Lyman, the inventor of Henry and the patentee of Catherine and Harriet. I remember reading a book, the other day, where Lyman's life was taken by his son Charles—who must have suffered the extreme penalty, as he has not been heard from since. The Beechers have added much to the book world. There's that popular volume of Henry Ward Beecher, 'Morning and Evening Exercises.' The morning and evening exercises of Henry introduced in the families of Brooklyn have many things remarkably lively for that simple village. And it seems half the notice I attract is from resembling Beecher. It's awful." And so, with half-closed eyes, the train of thought runs on.

And then I see a young woman en route to Boston, lately a popular actress in a prominent theatre. Good gracious, how stout she has got, and how it has injured her looks by

doing so. She is smiling and talking to a young man beside her, and all the while inside goes on the funny, monotonous undertone: "Blame the fool. What am I doing for that? I'm broken up. Neat little establishment, I'm sold out for a song—badly sung at that. I don't care half as much for him as for Mr. —, and yet here I am going off to follow his fortunes. What is it Osmond says? 'Turn back thy universe, O God, and give me yesterday!' Heaven, if I could turn myself back as the man outside there is reversing the brains and catch on to the year 1878, when I had the chance of my life, instead of sitting here feeding on the smiles of this boggy actor, I'd be Mrs. General C—. Oh, dear. Well, the trouble with me is the same old theatrical complaint. No actress can play Juliet until she's old enough to play the Nurse, and then, of course, she can't play Juliet. That's my case. When I could I didn't, and now I would I can't. Worse luck."

And then, Dr. Porus, nice old man, family doctor, and Mrs. Anthon who lives up at Stamford, has gone over to sit with him and get some professional advice in an unguarded and unprofessional moment. Old Porus looks Ma Anthon in the eye, and in a voice as rich and filling as a dose of castor oil he tells her how well she is looking, and asks after Jimmy and Johnny and Eddy and Bobby, for Mrs. Anthon has multiplied this earth in so determined a manner, that it's strange she hasn't been used in schools. "If Mrs. Anthon has five children in two years, how long will it take Mr. Anthon to run away with his neighbor's wife?"

Mrs. A. has a face to stop a runaway horse let alone a runaway wife, but old Porus gives her a powerful dose of medicated taffy, and she simpers and thinks: "I'll get him to talk about Jimmy's back, and so save \$5. I should have to call him in this week anyway. I'll get this advice in a social way."

And old Porus talks like a book, and inside he's saying to himself, "I have no idea what's the matter with the little beggar; the trouble is too far from the surface for me to decide whether it's his spine or his liver or his wicked little lights that have turned over, while he fell out of my best cherry-tree. Anyway, I'll fire in a few pills, and blister his heels and keep him in bed, till I gather my sickle pears."

And the reverend Mr. Synod, and old Mrs. Peckham has cornered him and is going through the realms of theology, dragging him behind her like a patient hay-cutter. She talks and talks, and asks him his views on the great question, "Have they rocking-chairs in heaven?" And he closes his eyes and puts his thumbs and his two fore-fingers together and says: "In the researches of science and the revelations of Holy Writ it has been plainly stated (not set down)—that would establish the necessity of rocking-chairs,) that there is 'no marrying or giving in marriage,' 'they hunger not, neither do they thirst.'" That in itself seems to deny the rocking-chair. But other passengers speak of the "weary being at rest," of the angels who go back and forth, and so Mr. Synod is careful about deciding, but is giving the subject his earnest and prayerful attention, and will see her later. Mrs. Peckham goes back to a friend and says she has "enjoyed a most refreshing season with the Rev. Mr. Synod." While Synod is saying to himself: "Well, scalp that woman and all like her. I wish my father had put me to a shoemaker's bench. I'm worn to the bone with inquisitive old women and terrible argumentative clergymen; there's that awful convention I'm going on as a delegate to. We are to take up some weighty church questions. Matters I don't see into at all. I shudder when I think of meeting Bishop Pump to-morrow. That's the wretched old man who had so much to say at the last convention about the Diet of Worms. I'm half a mind to take a dose of vermicine lest that thing happens to the clergy again. How nice that man looks with that pale blue scarf? His complexion is the same as mine. It's a cruel dispensation that keeps me made up like a corpse till the time to become one. That's a very pretty girl in front. I've read her ticket, she's going through to Boston; but no, it wouldn't do. There's old Porus knows me, and Madam Peckham has her wicked old eye on me. How hard fate."

My Beloved Mirror this is becoming painful. Through you (as Alice went "through the looking-glass") I want to get a remedy. What can I do to put a stop to this mind-reading? I see too much. Why can I not take things as they appear to be?

My loving friends come piling in and tell me I'm a daisy, and say I've discovered the fountain of youth, and I hear their infernal internal apparatus counting the last new wrinkle on my intellectual development and saying, "Well, if she thinks she can go on this way, living with her blower up and raising hot from Monday morning till Sunday night, she's an utterly mistaken female." And—well, it's no use recapitulating, I want an antidote, and I will try anything from a pair of blinders to an iron mask. I don't want to be a quid reader. Disseminate my difficulty and help rescue my afflicted.

Sara Von Leer is to be the Camille instead of Clara Morris, Saturday night at the Third Avenue Theatre.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

Miss Anderson's London Triumph.

By the last foreign mail The Mirror has learned a full and explicit account of Miss Anderson's debut in London from a reliable source, together with the comments thereon by a body of local critics.

Considering the time of the year (September last theatrically in the British metropolis, July in New York) there was a really brilliant assemblage present at Anderson's premiere. All the Lyceum's boxes and stalls were filled in advance, and even the seats in the upper circle were seized with avidity by the class of people who usually sit below, but who, on this occasion, eagerly went aloft.

The house was packed. Fully one-third of the audience was composed of Americans. The English contingent was made up of journalists, actors, dramatists, litterateurs, club-men, and a fair sprinkling of fashionables. Labouchere, of *Truth*, sat in a stage-box; beside him was Mrs. Weston, his wife, ruminating doubtless on another first-night last season at Wallack's, when she applauded mediocrity as exemplified by the Lily. George Vandenhoff, Sr., who, before her first appearance some years ago, gave lessons in elocution to Miss Anderson (and whose sister Charlotte was the original Parthenia), sat in a stall, his British bosom glowing with conscious pride. Dr. Hamilton Griffin, smiling and confident, greeted American friends heartily in the lobby. Emily Faithfull and Kate Pattison were present.

When Miss Anderson appeared in the graceful drapery of Parthenia there arose enthusiastic plaudits from the American element; but the English people reserved their acclamations for use later. She looked especially well and played the first act charmingly. For reward she was loudly called out at the close. When the third act was finished the applause for the American girl from all parts of the house was tremendous. Three distinct calls before the curtain did not quell the enthusiasm.

There were whole florists' shops of bouquets and floral pieces dumped on the stage amid spontaneous "bravas." The clamor did not come from the Americans alone; it was joined in by natives and foreigners alike. Any one who was present could not misinterpret the impression our tragedienne had created. The occasion was a veritable triumph. During the scene in the forest applause broke forth at intervals, but was suppressed by hisses, in order that no noise should be rendered inaudible. "Charming!" "A genius!" "Exquisite voice!" "A revelation!" were remarks heard in the lobby between the acts, uttered by Londoners.

Miss Anderson was perfectly self-possessed and manifested no nervousness. She never played Parthenia better. If enthusiasm was any criterion, her success was most pronounced. As she certainly has better opportunities in better parts, it may confidently be predicted that as the engagement progresses her already firm hold on the public will increase.

The verdict of the critics will be found in the following press extracts—the first complete compilation that has appeared on this side of the water.

Labouchere, in *Truth*, after pronouncing the play of Ingomar "trash, pretentious and wearisome trash, from beginning to end," goes on to say:

In this remarkable play, Miss Mary Anderson made her debut last Saturday before an English audience. Our actors and actresses are in the habit of visiting America, and whether good, bad or indifferent, they generally reap a golden harvest there. The Americans have returned the compliment by sending to Mr. Booth, Mr. Jefferson, and other actors, who have not had to complain of their reception. But it is long since we have been privileged to see an American actress who has achieved celebrity at home. "You should see," Americans say, "Mary Anderson and Clara Morris." The sight of Clara is a pleasure yet in store for us, but if she is anything like as good as Mary, I trust that the pleasure will not be long deferred. Miss Anderson, I am told, has only to appear in any American theatre to fill it. Although but a girl in years, she has already made, I believe, one of the largest fortunes ever realized on the stage. In her own country she has become famous on account of her beauty and acting. Does she merit her reputation? Yes. Beauty is often a matter of individual appreciation, but there are women whose beauty is unquestioned and unquestionable. This may honestly be said of her. With her small, well-set head, her shapely shoulders, her rounded arms, and her lithe figure, she looks like some Greek statue into which Pygmalion has breathed life. And she is as graceful as she is beautiful. It is no means so easy to be the former in a classic garb as is often supposed. To learn to be so is an art which requires long and careful study. She has perfectly mastered it. Before neoclassicism and angularity came into fashion, it used to be considered that the curve was the line of beauty. Every movement, every gesture of this girl is a curve; not once through the five long acts of Ingomar was she "out of drawing." Never did I see a prettier picture than when she sat down on a Greek stool and plied a distaff. And she acts as well as she looks. Parthenia, in her hands, is a simple, unadorned girl; when with the barbarians, she seems no ill, and by her maidenlike bearing seems unfeigned like a Una amongst the lions. In her love scenes with Ingomar she shows childlike delicacy, her comedy is unforced, and her sentiment has none of that weariness with which we are so often bored, whilst on the few occasions that she has to display tragic force, she does so without effort, exaggeration, or rant. I am curious to see her in April, which will give her a better opportunity to display the dramatic power that she undoubtedly has.

From the critical Labouchere this indorsement means more than the casual reader could suppose. The editor of *Truth* never fails when he can help doing so.

The *Times* takes a neutral stand. This paper (which has just been making itself ridiculous by publishing a column "interview" with the King of Italy, in which his Majesty spoke but two sentences to its representative, and those of a rebuking nature) used to be considered a theatrical authority many years ago; but of late the "Thunderer's" opinions have come to have no more weight than those of our *Herald*, and for very similar reasons. Its critic writes as follows:

The re-opening of the Lyceum Theatre on Saturday night with a strange company under strange management brought together a no less brilliant and expectant house than of the past, and Irving himself could have secured at the present season, when many first-night players are out of town. If, in past, this agreeable state of things was due to the vogue of the theatre, its main cause was to be sought in the curiosity aroused by the advent of a young American actress, of whose talents and beauty the highest anticipations had been formed. Miss Mary Anderson, the lady in question, although but three or four and twenty, had for several years past occupied a leading position in the United States, and ranks as the brightest of the American "stars," whose influence the highest anticipations had been formed.

Mr. Irving relied upon to attract the public to the Lyceum in Mr. Irving's absence. Recommendations of the high order were more than sufficient to insure Miss Anderson a cordial reception. They were such as to dispose a sympathetic audience to make the most ample allowance for nervousness on the part of the débutante, and to distrust all impressions they might have of an unfavorable kind, or at least to grant the possession of a more complete knowledge of the lady's attainments to those who had trumpeted her praises so loudly. That such should have been the mood of the house was a circumstance not without its influence upon the events of the evening. It was manifestly owing in some measure to the critical spirit being subordinated for the time being to the hospitable that Miss Anderson was able to obtain all the outward and visible signs of a dramatic triumph in a role which, intrinsically, had little to command it.

To the interpretation of this character Miss Anderson brings natural gifts of rare excellence, gifts of face and form and action which suffice almost of themselves to play the part, and the warmth of the applause which greeted her as she first tripped upon the stage expressed the admiration no less than the welcome of the house. Her severely simple robe of virgin white, worn with classic grace, revealed a figure as lissome and perfect of contour as a draped Venus of Thorwaldsen; her face, seen under her mass of dark brown hair, negligently bound with a ribbon, was too *gracieuse*, perhaps, to be classic, but looked pretty and girlish. A performance so graced could not fail to be pleasing. And yet it was impossible not to feel, as the play progressed, that to this fine embodiment of the romantic heroine art was in some degree wanting. The beautiful Parthenia, like a soulless statue, pleased the eye, but left the heart untouched. It became evident that faults of training, or perhaps faults of temperament, were set off against the actress' unquestionable merits. The elegant artificiality of the American school, a tendency to pose and be self-conscious, to smirk even, if the word may be permitted, especially when advancing to the footlights to receive a full measure of applause, were fatal to such effects of sentiment as even so stilted a play could be made to yield. It was but too evident that Parthenia was at all times more concerned with the fall of her drapery than with the effects of her speeches; and that gesture, action, intonation—everything which constitutes a living individuality—were in her case not so much the outcome of the feeling proper to the character as the manifestation of a diligent and painstaking art which has not yet learnt to conceal itself. The gleam of the smallest spark of genius would have been a welcome relief to a monotony of talent. It must not be forgotten, however, that a highly artificial play like Ingomar is by no means a favorable medium for the display of an actress' powers, though it may fairly indicate their nature. Before a definite rank can be assigned to her among English actresses, Miss Anderson must be seen in some of her other characters, the next in order of which is Juliet.

It is evident that the *Times* writer falls into the very common error of failing to separate the actress from the character she is portraying. The faults of the author of Ingomar he blandly saddles upon Miss Anderson. The characterization of the American school (in truth, there is no difference between our school and the English, if, indeed, either stage has any school at all) as marked by "elegant artificiality" will amuse THE MIRROR's professional readers. However, n'importe! The article is printed in the *Times*.

The *Telegraph*, over the dramatic columns of which London's leading critic, Clement Scott, gracefully presides, is entitled to respect, as it is looked upon both by actors and public as an authority in theatrical matters. Mr. Scott differs from his *confidantes* in regard to the merits of Ingomar. He says:

It has been said, and it will be repeated again and again, that the friends of Miss Anderson were very ill-advised to allow her to appear as Parthenia in the now almost forgotten play of Ingomar. We venture to differ entirely with this opinion. That the American actress interested, moved, and at times delighted her audience in a play supposed to be uninteresting and said to be out of date, is in truth the best feather that can be placed in her cap.

Granted that she was heavily handicapped by Ingomar—though we dispute the fact—surely her success must be considered greater when her personal efforts not only purged Ingomar of its supposed transgressions, but actually relieved her audience of that almost unpardonable offence connected with old-fashioned stage work—boredom. There must clearly be something in an actress who can not only hold her own as Parthenia, but in addition dissipate the dulness of Ingomar.

There was a natural desire to see, say, rather say, to welcome, in courteous and spontaneous manner the first of the American visitors introduced by Mr. Irving to the friends and patrons of the Lyceum Theatre, during the absence of Mr. Henry Irving and his company. It would have been strange, indeed, had not the early autumn provided an intelligent, enthusiastic and kindly-spirited audience to give the right hand of good-fellowship to so clever a young lady as Miss Mary Anderson. The fame of the actress had already preceded her. An encomiastic cluster up the rugged mountain paths of the art she has elected to serve: a disciple and pupil of Charlotte Cushman; an earnest volunteer in the almost forlorn cause of the pastoral drama; a believer in the past, not merely because it is the past, but because in it was embodied much of the beautiful and the hopeful that has been lost to us. Miss Mary Anderson was accused of an honest greeting at a cluster of cherished memories. Had she deserved her success less, this youthful young lady would have looked upon the bright side of the face of an English audience that, encouraged by example and prompt, is beginning to hold out a generous hand to plays of thought and to artists of determination.

And now comes the great question, how far Miss Anderson succeeded in a task that requires both artistic interest and personal charm to carry it to a successful issue. The lady has been called classical, Greek, and so on; but is, in truth, a very modern reproduction of a classical type—a Venus by Mr. Gibson rather than a Venus of Milo; a classic draped figure of a Wedded plebeian more than an echo from Parthenon. Miss Anderson may be Greek in outline and suggestion, just as is the orthodox plaster maiden, who is destined to hold up a lamp on the staircase, but her Grecian character ends with her pupilli and her fillet. The actress has evidently been well taught, and is both an apt and clever pupil; she speaks clearly, enunciates well, occasionally conveys the art she has so closely studied, and is at times both tender and graceful. Indeed, it is strange that the lady, whose walk is at odd moments so strained and awkward, should at other times—as, for instance, when Ingomar rescues Parthenia, bows in her arms, or welcomes her to an embrace—be so extremely lithic, plastic and picturesque.

If to be classical is to be cold and unresponsive in scenes requiring pathos, then Miss Anderson succeeds admirably; but, for our own part, we should like to see more sincerity and less well-studied artificiality. These things, however, did not appear to affect her audience. They cheered her as if their hearts were really touched; they applauded both her vigorous and sentimental scenes; and they rewarded with customary bouquets the actress who wins and warms to her work. The one great fault of Miss Anderson's style, apart from the lack of sensibility which is the mainspring of great acting, is a trick of crude contrast. She descends from the airy regions of sentiment and rhetoric instantaneously to the very commonplace of coquetry. When Parthenia is coy and coquettish she endangers her reputation for refinement; it must, however, be added that these violent transitions from tragic intensity to the very extreme limits of comedy are the most appreciated by her audience. These, however, are but early impressions; the actress was naturally nervous at the outset, and had a short struggle to get an accurate range of the house; and we, in common with many others, shall be anxious to see her in still another delineation, in order to test her in characters that require a very strong emotion.

It must not be forgotten that the very features of the performance which Mr. Scott points out as faults are really merits in the illustration of a character so severely classical as Parthenia. In acknowledging these the critic unconsciously sounds the highest praises bestowable upon Miss Anderson's impersonation.

The clever and correct dramatic editor of the lively *Referee* was favorably impressed. Says he:

It was a characteristic Lyceum audience, as was evinced when the applause which the beautifully painted landscape and artistically arranged tableau vivant was about to evoke was checked at once merely because Master Sargood was pleasantly warbling a new song by Mr. Andrew Levey. The minstrel boy having concluded his duty, Miss Mary Anderson entered in the becoming costume of Parthenia, and cheers arose and were redoubled as she advanced to the footlights, and it was seen that report had not exaggerated her personal advantages. Lithic and graceful in bearing, and girlish in figure, the American actress won yet more to the command given her by nature over features not in themselves remarkably beautiful. Her countenance is singularly mobile, and changes with every varying sentiment so eloquently that the aid of words is not always necessary to follow her meaning. Thus was fortunate, for at the outset Miss Anderson did not pitch her voice sufficiently high to reach the furthermost portions of the house, and at length some one in the gallery cried "Speak up, Mary!" She obeyed without seeming to note the interruption, and henceforward there was no cause for complaint on the same score. That the pulse of the house was stirred in favor of the American artist was increasingly evident. She came, was seen, and conquered. Very few, if any, actresses of our own stock could go through such an artificial part with the same delightful naturalness. The archness and complete avoidance of affectation in all the quieter episodes were contrasted with genuine power when occasion required its exercise. The advances of the lawless Ingomar were repelled with magnificent scorn, and the stern resolve to face death rather than dishonor, mingled with the girlish horror of the sharp steel, were finely expressed. The little that Miss Anderson has yet to learn lies chiefly in the management of the voice. So far as could be judged to-night, any part demanding grace, passion, and all the highest qualities of stage craft, lies within her means. But a more definitive judgment on her capacity must be deferred until she has allowed us to witness her in some more worthy part than the impossible heroine of Maria Lovell's ridiculous play.

She has perfectly mastered it. Before neoclassicism and angularity came into fashion, it used to be considered that the curve was the line of beauty. Every movement, every gesture of this girl is a curve; not once through the five long acts of Ingomar was she "out of drawing." Never did I see a prettier picture than when she sat down on a Greek stool and plied a distaff. And she acts as well as she looks. Parthenia, in her hands, is a simple, unadorned girl; when with the barbarians, she seems no ill, and by her maidenlike bearing seems unfeigned like a Una amongst the lions. In her love scenes with Ingomar she shows childlike delicacy, her comedy is unforced, and her sentiment has none of that weariness with which we are so often bored, whilst on the few occasions that she has to display tragic force, she does so without effort, exaggeration, or rant. I am curious to see her in April, which will give her a better opportunity to display the dramatic power that she undoubtedly has.

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But whether it does or does not merit this neglect, its election for worth an occasion on which could hardly be taken to indicate the position which Miss Anderson appears to hold in the estimation of American players. As a matter of fact, however, Miss Anderson, who began her dramatic career at an early age, and in view of her youthful appearance, has had plenty of experience and success in roles of much more difficulty and much wider popularity. Indeed, if we may trust the recollection of an encomiastic interviewer, who has named the actress according to the ways of her country, her first essay on the boards was as Juliet; a character which she correspondingly sustained as a virtuoso at extremely short notice. Miss Anderson's more modest entry on the stage eight years ago was quite as successful as could have reasonably anticipated. There is not enough human reality about Parthenia to allow her representation to stir deeply the sympathy of her friends. There is not enough power in the drama to enable the actress to move our imagination by calling her over into play. What Miss Anderson could achieve was this: She was able, in the first place, to prove, by the aid of the Marcellus mother's bewitching yet exciting voice, that her personal advantages have been by no means overrated. Her figure, regular yet full of expression; her face, slight but not spare; the pose of her small and graceful hand; all these, together with a girlish position of manner and a elegantly refined bearing, are quite enough to account for one at least of the plaudits of Miss Anderson's popularity. Her voice is not wanting in melody of a certain kind, though its tones lack variety. Her accent is slight, and suddenly expressive. Of her elocution it is scarcely fair to judge until she has more accurately caught the pitch required for the character. On Sunday night she could be heard only with difficulty in some of her more impulsive utterances, as for instance when her mannered delivery of the lines:

To each with her a single thought,

Two hours that last a year,

provoked from the gallery the instant exclamation,

"Speak up, Mary!" This interruption, however, which seemed to be meant in all good faith, was not by any means characteristic of the lady's reception, which, indeed, apart from the enthusiasm of a large body of American admirers, was most flattering throughout. For the accomplishment of any great thing she had not, nor for the reasons already indicated, any opportunity; nor did her treatise of such mild pathos and passion as the character permitted impress us with the idea that her commanding of deep feeling is as yet matured. So far as it goes, however, her method is extremely winning, and her further efforts, especially in the direction of comedy and romantic drama, will be watched with interest, and may be anticipated with pleasure.

The *Daily News* critic exists just one century too late. He would have been highly appreciated by the frequenters of the play-house in the days of snuff Georgius Tertius.

The *Standard*, a journal which is influence and circulation is second only to the *Telegraph*, gives a fair, unbiased notice of the performance:

Though young in years, Miss Anderson is evidently a practised actress. She knows the business of the stage perfectly, is learned in the art of making points, and, what is more, knows how to hide her opportunity. As in the case of Salvini—in fact, with any actor of the highest rank—there is always a reserve of power, and of this the audience cannot fail to be aware. The wise discretion which imposes restraint upon the performer was somewhat too rigidly observed in the earlier scenes on Saturday night, the consequence being that in one of the most impressive passages of the most inspired dialogue the little distance between the sublime and the ridiculous was bridged by a voice from the gallery which, adopting a colloquial tone, ejaculated "A little louder, Mary!" A less experienced artist might well have been taken aback by this infraction of the dramatic proprieties. Miss Anderson, however, did not lose her nerve, but simply took the hint in good part and acted upon it.

Miss Anderson will doubtless take a speedy opportunity of appearing in some other work in which her capacity as an actress can be better gauged than in Maria Lovell's bit of tawdry sentiment. A real power of delineating passion was exhibited in the scene where Parthenia repulses the advances of her too venturesome admirer, and in this direction, to our mind, the best efforts of the lady tend. All we can do at present is to chronicle Miss Anderson's complete success, the recalls being so numerous as to defy particularization.

The *Sunday Times* states that Miss Anderson is almost the first actress really worthy of representing the transatlantic view of historic art that has crossed to this country, and then proceeds to say:

Last night Miss Anderson appeared for the first time on the English stage, and as Parthenia threw herself on the generosity and apreciation of the English public.

The house was crowded with so many critics that most of them must have broken in on their brief holiday to show the interest felt in the appearance of the fair American, while her own countrymen and women mused in great force. It was a stiff audience to face, and when we say that after the second act their verdict was undeniably favorable, we have gone far to illustrate the excellence of Miss Anderson's acting. In the first act she had but little opportunity of appealing to her audience, or of doing more than letting them appreciate her personal charms and graceful movements. But in the second and third acts, and indeed to the end of the piece, she played with a delicacy that showed the true actress. In the second and third acts, in which the drama of the love of Parthenia and Ingomar is gradually revealed, Miss Anderson touched so sweet a chord, and threw such a winning finish over her representation, that for the moment one almost forgot that she was acting; no one could call her stage unless he be prejudiced in favor of some fancied rival. Amongst the many charms with which nature has favored Miss Anderson is that of sympathy. She is handsomely *sympathetic*, and if somewhat wanting in *pathos*, modulates her voice so cleverly that the fact is hardly ever disagreeably forced on one. At the opening she was naturally nervous, notwithstanding the generous welcome accorded to her, and failed to appreciate the pitch required by so big a theatre, but by degrees she arrived at the strength necessary, and her words reached the remotest seats. Ingomar, with its tilted old-fashioned language, is a dangerous piece for a first appearance, and rests almost

entirely on the skill of the actress. She did not, however, deserve the plaudits she received, and it is evident that the *Times* critic was not fully satisfied with her performance. The *Times* critic, however, did not receive the same plaudits as the *Standard* critic, and it is evident that the *Times* critic was not fully satisfied with her performance.

On the whole, we may say that our critical favoritism from the *Standard* critic is not wholly merited, since there is no reason to suppose that the *Standard* critic is not equally well informed than the *Times* critic.

There is a disposition there to dispense with criticism, however, and to let the *Standard* critic do the work. Still, the *Standard* critic is not entirely without merit, and it is evident that the *Standard* critic is not entirely without merit.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.



SAN FRANCISCO.

A *Faribault* Romeo has eight days a large and distinguished cast at the California, and the *Alhambra* is also well mounted. It is a good production, and put it is excellent. It is a production in its present condition. The play is presented with all its New York energy, enthusiasm, etc., and effectively presented. For the work and fun work out daily, *Faribault*, will be served.

At the California, *Romeo* and *Juliet* have opened their second week. The *California* is very crowded, and the *Alhambra* is rapidly and steadily in the first week. *Romeo* is especially good, and the other two are satisfactory.

Friends *Mosca* caught them strong on his opening night at the *Forest* Theatre last night. There was a great audience present, who enjoyed the performance very much. He stays three or four weeks. I am

The *Black Flag* opened this week, and *Paris* announced for this week, *W. J. Ferguson* appearing as the star. The character and the production make little mention, both being monotonous. Mr. Ferguson, in appearing in such a part, does credit to his talents a greater class of actors. The supporting company is heterogeneous. *Mauds* *Granger* in *Her Second Love* will be the

second *Friend* *Mosca* in *Paris* this week. Our English Friend will be presented on Monday evening next by the same co.

The *Black Flag* opened on Monday evening at the *Arch*, with *Eduard Thoms* and co. The *Hans Acme* *Opera* co. on the nth. The co. includes *Carrington*, *Evans*, *Elmendorf*, *Chaplin*, *Julia May*, *John G. W. Tracy*, *Perry Cooper*, *Mark Smith*, *George Johnson* and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ferguson are this week at the *Walton* in *The Mighty Dollar*. On Monday next they will go to *Fox*; or, *His Little Hatchet*.

Two more weeks of the *Equine Paradox* at the *Lynx*.

October 2—the regular season will open with the first production on my stage of *Pedro*, the *Minstrel*, a comedy by *H. W. Thompson*.

At the *Forest* overrunning *Two Orphans* this week.

Miss Hilda has returned from Europe, and will appear Saturday next at *Brixton* in *Muck Ado About Nothing*. *Clover Leaf* *Balle* has disappeared from the hill this week.

Items: Our *Summer Boarders* this week at the *National*.—The *Dixie Minstrels* is doing a big business.

On Friday last Mrs. Agnes *Reed* was engaged to *McKee Rankin*, to assist in the critical condition of her husband, *Jessup* *Booth*.

Mauds *Granger* the star soprano after one of his lectures, is soon to see *Shew* and his trained horses, who are considered the leaders of horse performances.

One Thousand, a new farce, will open on October 6th at the *California* *Theatre* in a sort of spontaneous comedy and music and the *Californians* in the shadow of success.

It is reported that the *Union Square* follows, after the success of your *Grand Opera House* and *Wheeler*.

Charles Reed, the clever minded comedian, hit off a springer never seen in any house in which *Hyde* *Parsons* has ever appeared.—*Charles Reed* does an act at the *Minstrel* this week, entitled *Knock Me Down*, in which he is continually making a stage constipation or two, it is his regular business to challenge any man in the audience to come up on the stage and stand up before him with the lines on. It is the duty of one of the company to be present in the audience, in white, and in every costume, and to always be ready to give the punch and give the punch and bring the tussle. This week they do an act involving the late marriage on the Baldwin stage of Miss *Hyde* to the leader of *Californians*' band, and dish it up funny. As a minister jokes are in vague here, it would not surprise us to hear that a real negro minister had been cast on the stage and a genuine marriage performed some night.

Items: *Billy Kenner*, is having a good time in creation from work, and is taking in the fashions and amusements, having his own or horse *Stock* *Co.* with one *overseer*.—The *Bequest* on the Baldwin stage after the performance, on the night of the *Hyde*-*Parsons* wedding, was really a very comfortable affair, and, on account of its novelty, the reception was very numerously attended.—*George Holland* and co. have called for *Gregory*. After playing that circuit they go West via Northern Pacific road.—*Mauds* *Granger* a good female horse, a credit to the *Californians*. *Play* on on the eighth night. *W. H. Thompson* who stars East at the same theatre, which was not accidentally financially or otherwise, and Mr. Thompson's talk spoke splendidly about it. He actually threatened never to come to California again. I trust the pretty *Mauds* *Granger* will be more fortunate, and that she may have no cause to turn her back upon us.

NEW ORLEANS.

Academy of Music (*David Bidwell*, manager): The season at this house and favorite theatre opened satisfactorily with the *Strategists* as the attraction. The *Strategists* indeed hold their own better than by reason of the increased interest in the drama.

Entertainment (including the most artistic and attractive) was the best feature of the season. The *Strategists* did a good business, but the *Academy* opened with a loss.

The *Strategists* on the first week was a *success* also, for with their fun and movement reign supreme, and their bright and cheery performance in a smiling welcome to the theatre-goers of the city for the season of 1882.

The managers of *The Strategists* did not claim any claim for high literary merit in their play, but yet

with one or two exceptions, the features of this season that the piece is "written and acted just fine."

The piece is realistic for the entire performance, and fairly stands with fun and the audience in kept in a constant roar of laughter at the continual situations and dialogues of the play.

The cast is an excellent one, and comes to have been selected with a special view to their special fitness for the star characters assumed by them.

The leading roles are admirably carried out, and the *Strategists* will give a good show.

Items: *Mauds* *Granger* is justly entitled to a good show.

Items: *Hyde* *Parsons* has good.

Items: *Wheeler* *Minstrels* will give a good show.

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

The Weather.



At Yesterday's
Maiden Voyage. The sailor and his crew.
—Love's Landing.

The sailors by the accident at the Fourteenth Street last week are doing well. Fred Price is better, and there are strong hopes that he will not have to undergo an operation of his leg. No anxiety is caused by his fracture—although that is painful—but fearing that ulceration will take hold of fractured bone, and to avert blood-poisoning, the limb will be cut off. At present, however, indications are favorable, and for the sake of the young man (who gives considerable promise) let it be hoped that they will continue so. His mother came to town Sunday to assist in nursing him.

Manager Miles has determined to star Fred Fielding in conjunction with Josephine Reilly. The young man will have opportunity to show his mettle in such parts as Romeo, Sir Thomas Clifford, Orlando, and Leonidas. He is having a handsome set of dresses made for these characters, and is studying assiduously, so that mentally as well as materially they will be becomingly clothed.

William Horace Lingard and Luscombe Searell (two very small men with very large names) have met in London and fought a frantic battle. The affair took place on the 1st inst. at the rooms of the American Exchange. Lingard, it seems, charged Searell with certain statements regarding a lady of his acquaintance. Searell desired to depart without evading satisfaction, but to this the sanguine Lingard would not listen. He insisted on their entering a private apartment in the Exchange to settle the argument by a personal encounter. The midgets went for one another violently; "they bit, they glared, gave blows like beams," but when Gillig struck a policeman and finished the round by knocking out both of the combatants, it was found that little or no damage had been done. The bloodless meeting occasioned a good deal of amusement among the professionals who sat on the Strand.

So it seems that Irving's intention is to reverse the ordinary method of procedure; instead of coming here to be criticised he purports to criticise the American people, and Joe Hatton, the novelist and newspaper correspondent, has been employed to help him in the job. Presumably, Mr. Irving's business in this country is to act. If he gives his work proper attention he will have little time to spare for making observations from which to write a serious book on his return to England. What with travel, rehearsals and performances the tragedian will be unable to receive impressions that should prove desirable in the shape of a literary effusion. Hatton's impressions have already been printed. They are stale, thin and unprofitable. Both the actor and the author are qualified to write a treatise on the Yuletide's mighty dollar, and to that, no doubt, the partnership for book-making purposes will resolve itself.

The so-called success of Minnie Palmer at the Grand in London means about as much as if she had scored a hit in the Grand Duke's Opera House, Baxter street. The Grand is situated in Islington, a remote part of London—a locality which has been truly described as being next to bust a single inhabitant within a radius of a couple of miles who can spell the word "and" correctly. The Grand was formerly called the Philharmonic, and it was indeed a music-hall, where a wine-room was in connection with the green-room. The building is owned by a sportive book-maker named Charley Hand. Recently it came under the management of Beryl, who has charge of Miss Palmer's tour. The intelligent and responsible portion of London's theatre-going public would not care to be seen in Islington after dark.

I have no enmity for Minnie Palmer, but, in common with every other man who respects her reputation, I object to her being presented to the English public as a great American actress with a terrible amount of popularity at home. Likewise, I object to the attempts of vulgar individual who is manipulating her, to prevent her reception on the other side. You may be able to pay his jockey tricks there, but I don't propose to let him mendaciously put the end of the swing that's here without some solid evidence. Miss Palmer is a good little woman, with an abundance of

assurance and a total absence of ability. Her various performances in *My Sweetheart* have certainly met with success among the bumpkins of the small Scotch and English towns, where Lotta is unknown and Miss Palmer's bad imitation of her is safe from detection. But I cannot stomach her agent's cablegrams proclaiming that she is all London in a *furore*. Monday night by her appearance at a rejuvenated music-hall in the suburbs of the British metropolis. I am sufficiently patriotic to wish unlimited success to native merit abroad and to defend and uphold it when occasion arises, but every honest journalist in this country should know down my effort that is made to foist mediocrity— even though it be American mediocrity—upon foreigners as representing the purpose and accomplishments of our stage.

That it is impossible for the London critics to have gone wild over Miss Palmer (as might be supposed from the telegraphed reports which her agent is circulating) may be seen from a recent article written by Clement Scott, the leading theoretical authority on the other side, who saw *My Sweetheart* while on a visit to the little provincial town of Southport. He very truthfully and fairly sums up Miss Palmer in the following language:

"I am surprised the world should take any notice whatever in regard to her. She appears to have lost all sense of taste, and abdicates every word of her tact. She is a complete ignoramus, the poor girl, a creature without a gramma, the poor creature of every moment, the poor creature of the intellect. I can only assure the Clement Scott does the same. Clement Scott's comparison and trick are no more than very painful, but she is an artist beyond her trick. This lady is tricky beyond her art. Think of the engaged manner of Clement, add to it the garrulous humor of Miss Willie Stevens in a *Golfer* blouse, and you whip into it the jerkiness of the character of Miss Willie Power, and even then you have not an idea of the combination of the two methods of Miss Minnie Palmer. Probability justifies me in having quizzed her, and told her by her response that these attitudes and facial expressions are excellent art. The unskillful may laugh; but the judicious cannot fail to smile, for the young lady is clever, bright, pretty, and a good singer beyond her radically false art. I question, however, if it is a case that can be cured. A young lady who comes from a rough-and-ready country school, an Aviary, a village, etc., and a graduate of the most pronounced type in local customs, from *Paul's Lingerie*, and in silk stockings embroidered with birds of paradise, peacock and hooded flowers, is apparently beyond redemption. The very meaning of the character is destroyed by the becoming, no doubt, but utterly unpoetic costume. Miss Minnie Palmer positively labors to be unnatural. Her parties are as unfeeling as her boyishness, and as ugly and unattractive. I can only repeat what I said at the outset. Like a child brought up in a bad school, therefore I do not deny that her very exaggeration and excess of gilding color in her art will recommend her to the vulgarists who constitute the majority of our English audiences."

And there you are!

The breeze raised in England by the proposition to dig up Shakespeare's skull and compare it with the bust over his tomb, revives a verse that was written when a man named Malone painted over the counterfeit presentment in Stratford Church:

Stranger, to whom this monument is shown!
Invoke the poet's curse on Malone;
Whose meddling seal, his harburous taste displays,
And snuffed his tombstone, as he snuffed his play.

Fortunately, for the sake of decency and that due respect which greatness should exact, the bones of the poet are not likely to be disturbed, since there is in the hearts of the English people a commendable reverence for their famous dead.

Trying It on a Dog.



I'm a young man from the country,
And I have writ a play,
And such a play as I have writ,
You don't see every day.
My friends said it was bully,
Soon as they heard it read,
And my opinion fully
Endorsed what they said.

There was a Gallant Hero,
And a Maiden in Distress;
A Villain worse than Nero,
A Father old, to bless
The interesting lover, and
A Comic Countryman,
Who an guardian angel loves—
A most convenient plan.

I came up to the city
At my own peculiar cost,
For I thought it would pay
Genuine applause to be paid.
And round the town I hunted it
To every nook and corner,
But each and every failed,
With smoking wink and leer.

And free advice they professed,
Till at last I looked up and down,
But no audience could be found.
To keep me in the town,
But with accent sympathetic,
Said "We won't your offering dog,
You're young and energetic—
Go and try it on a dog."

I'd tried it on a dog,
I'd tried it on a pig,
I'd tried it on a Chinaman,
I'd tried it on a dog,
But now I eat of money,
And in a mental fog
I rushed over to New Jersey,
To try it on a dog.

The first, he was a scoter,
Who sat with smiling count;
A pointer went over him,
For he pointed at the close.
The next, he was a terrier,
Who turned till the last;
The next it was a currier,
Who turned all the east.

And then a fat-nosed poodle
As dull as dull could be;
A perfect canine fool,
My jokes were stale to me,
A dogwood branch there I read it to,
He thought me very rude—
A model for a dud.

I've tried it on all sorts of dogs,
Lyons, pugs, French hounds and curs,
And I can tell you I have found that I
Just went from bad to worse,
Sob-sob, to Pamperville I will go,
And eat on will jog
And never more/wife play—that I
May try it on a dog.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Flashed to us from Everywhere.

Two New Theatres Opened.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CINCINNATI, Sept. 19.—The current week can be looked upon as a memorable one in the annals of Cincinnati theatres, from the fact that both Henck's Coliseum and Martin's New Theatre threw open their doors for the first time on the 16th and 17th, respectively. The former house, as already advised, is rated one of the finest, as also one of the largest, in the West. The seats for orchestra and parquette sections of the house were due two weeks, but were not received until the 17th, which greatly retarded the preparations made for the opening. Some frescoing and painting is yet to be done. The drop-curtain, which is an elaborate effect by E. T. Harvey, representing the opening of the Grand Opera House in Paris, and introducing a number of figures, is in an unfinished state, and fully a week's time will elapse ere masters are in proper shape. The White Slave, the managerial attraction, drew a crowded house.

Harvin's cosy little theatre opened with the Hess Arms Opera company in Marquette, and the capacity of the house was thoroughly tested. The opera was admirably mounted and creditably rendered, Attilio Carrington coming in for the bulk of applause.

W. J. Scanlon opened Sunday night at Robinson's to an audience of fair proportions, and Maggie Mitchell's initial appearance on the following night at the Grand was signalized by a comfortably-filled house.

Manager Harry Clephan and George Wilson, of the Barlow-Wilson Minstrels, were in the city Sunday, en route to Louisville; as also was the Ada Gray company, destined for the same city.

Stevens' Second Love.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

CHICAGO, Sept. 19.—Maud Granger opened in Her Second Love at the Academy to a full house, and had a flattering reception as Olga, the part she has created. As there was no falling off on the second night, there is no doubt that the engagement will be successful. John A. Stevens, the author and manager, appeared as Ivan Demidoff on the first night, Lewis Morrison not being prepared to go on. Sanger's Branch of Keys company is drawing overflowing houses at Hooley's. Business with My Partner, at the Grand, is good. McVicker's, Esmeralda, fair business. Harry's, Enchantment, very large. Variety houses, usual run of good business.

The New Dundreary.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

ALBANY, Sept. 19.—Lytton Sothern opened his season at the Leland on Monday night to a good house, appearing as Dundreary. The general verdict is that he is a worthy successor of his father in the famous role. The star received many marks of approval. Last night he appeared in David Garrick and Dundreary Married. Mr. Sothern's season has opened very auspiciously.

Milton Nobles' Success.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

SYRACUSE, Sept. 19.—The season here opens very encouragingly; crowded houses have been the rule. Milton Nobles was greeted by a large house at the Wistering on Monday night, and last night there was no perceptible falling off.

Lytton Sothern makes the second stand of his season at this house to-night, and the advance sale assures him a flattering reception. He will remain two nights. Jefferson's receipts for one night last week reached \$1,000.

The Standard Opera Company.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 19.—Arch Street Opera House: Virginia, Stephens and Solomon's musical burlesque, and not comic opera, inaugurated the season at the Arch Street Opera House on Monday evening. The house was packed throughout. The company can boast of but few operatic qualities, and if it be any test of Mr. Rice's idea of a "Standard" company, to say the least it is a mistake. Virginia, musically, is poor, and the libretto strains after fun. Genuine applause was accorded the chorus of *The Boys*, the dude business that has already done successful duty in the burlesque of *Blue-Board*, soon to be seen at the Lyceum. Ida Muller in *petite*, cute and pretty, but her voice is no longer what it was. Fannie Rice as Amy "caught on" at once, and is going to be a big favorite. Lots of floral offerings and very handsome satin souvenir programmes. Everything is being done to make the new theatre popular. Rice has it in her own hands; but if he thinks he can fool Philadelphia with voiceless singers he had better wake up.

A Friendly Tip is simply rubbish, and the Duke a monstrosity. Ferguson does all possible with the part, but he is surrounded by sticks. But Manager Kelly's circus advertising draws crowds to the Chestnut. The Black Flag draws well at the Arch.

Miscellaneous.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE MIRROR.]

BUFFALO, Sept. 19.—With the exception of the Adelphi, where the Metrons made their bow, Monday night's audiences were not large. The Adelphi was a jam. Barry and Fay's *Aviary* drew but fairly at the Academy. Kentucky, at Wahle's, fared better, the galleries being well filled and down stairs having a goodly number. This was Kennek's

first stand on the road, and the place is being advertised extensively. Harry Cohen, Wright Huntington and Annie Ward Tilney are engaged in it. They do excellent work.

HARRISON, (Ct.), Sept. 19.—The Wilber Open company presented the *Pirates* at the Open House on Monday night to only a fair house on account of a storm. Moses, Samuels and Hall and Morris, Gould, Cody and MacColl were all good in the leading roles.

MUSKEGON, Mich., Sept. 19.—Metrops appeared in Mary Stuart, 19th, to the largest house and advance sale of the season. The reception was very flattering.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 19.—Doris opened at the Providence on Monday night to a fair house. The place was well staged and the company, which is a strong one, did excellent work. Her Attainment drew a three nights' engagement this evening. Doris has been very good. Last night the house was crowded. The city is full of visiting Ossifingers.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 19.—The Barlow-Minstrels have been taking people away at Maternity. Ada Gray has had fair business at the Opera House. The other attractions are the Ford Brothers and The Bells of King. Business has been very large all round, even for Exposition time.

BIRMINGHAM, Sept. 19.—Kenny and Morris' comedy team played away last night. Audiences enthusiastic. WALTER HOWARD.

A Melodrama for the Park.

MURRAY, Knowles and Morris have decided to open the New Park Theatre (Broadway and Thirty-fifth street) with David Belasco's adaptation of *The Stranglers of Paris*. This piece achieved a decided success in San Francisco two years ago, enjoying a run of three weeks. Another version, from the pen of Mr. Cassara, was under consideration at the Union Square when Mr. Palmer had it, but as the play requires enormous production the stage of that theatre was thought to be too small, and so the matter dropped.

Frank Goodwin, who owns Belasco's place, has made a percentage arrangement with Knowles and Morris, who will tenanted it here and on the road. Harry Lee has signed a contract with them to act the principal part. He receives no salary, having made a better arrangement financially if the dress is a go. He will get one-fourth the profits in New York and one-third of them and his travelling expenses on the road.

The Stranglers will be produced at the New Park, November 5, Guy Fawkes Day, but as every advantage in the way of scenery and a fine company will be provided there is little fear that any guying will attend the initial performance.

The piece offers every opportunity for fine spectacular effect and strong melodramatic acting. Colonel Morris is at present engaged in selecting a powerful company.

Knowles' and Morris' Success.

A handsome theatre is now in course of erection on Broadway at the corner of Thirty-fifth Street, the site of the old Aquarius. The building will be completed and thrown open to the public some time next month, and Murray, Knowles and Morris, of the Grand Opera House, Brooklyn, will be lessees and managers. That the management will be competent and experienced hands is proven to all who have noted the judgment and enterprise of Colored Morris and Mr. Knowles, which has been crowned with such success at the Grand Opera House in Brooklyn. Prior to last season this house was exclusively a variety theatre, and when these gentlemen undertook to transform it into a first class temple of the legitimate drama, the enterprise was looked upon as very hazardous. Friends advised them not to enter upon an enterprise so heavily handicapped; but their judgment told them that with proper management the Grand Opera House could be made to duplicate the success of its namesake in New York.

Murray, Knowles and Morris went to work boldly. They fitted up the house in handsome style, and on the evening of Sept. 2, 1886, the doors of the reconstructed Grand Opera House were thrown open, with Charles Thorne in *The Bachelor's Daughter* as the first attraction. Their success was phenomenal. The people flocked to it by the hundreds. Popular pieces caught the popular fancy, and first-class attractions presented in a first-class theatre assured a continuously increasing attendance. The pecuniary success of the venture may be judged from the fact that since the opening of the house, only one year ago, nearly \$10,000 have been expended by the management on improvements. From the doors of the house is now suspended the magnificent chandelier from Booth's Theatre. There are now four wide aisles in the parquet, which had but three last season, and handsome stained-glass windows divide the auditorium from the front of the house, leaving a sort of capacious parlor, as it were, for the accommodation of those who wish to lounge between the acts. The exterior is brilliantly lighted up by several hundred gas-jets, the shining globes being artistically arranged in a labyrinth of festoons.

The management purchased the choicer portions of the *Twenty-third Street Theatre*, Lydia Thompson's, with Mrs. G. C. Howard as manager, and a full complement of Metrons, who will be shortly upon the boards of The Grand. About November 1 Mr. Knowles expects to begin a season of light opera. Frank Mayo joins in two weeks at Thanksgiving time.

The opening night will be the most important night for the public, with the curtain rising at 8 o'clock. The entire attractiveness of the building will be displayed at the grand opening of the Grand Opera House.

If Murray, Knowles and Morris' company continues to succeed in Brooklyn, it may eventually be decided that their name will be transferred to their New York house.

The opening night of the new theatre will draw a large crowd, and the proprietors expect the equipment and decorations will all that could be desired. It is to be hoped that Murray, Knowles and Morris will stage the stock pieces in the New Park house, or, at least, will give it a trial run.

Professional Deaths.

—Foster Hall is dead in Cleveland.

—John C. H. Smith, 70, died in New Haven.

—Charles T. Weston, 70, died in a sanatorium in the Forest of Cypress Grove.

—Leonard G. O'Connor, 60, died in a sanatorium in Williamsburg.

—Bill Wyman and Eddie Brown, 25, died in a San Fran- cisco hospital.

—John T. Raymond, 60, died in New York.

—Agnes Worth, although not in the city, probably died on the road to San Fran-

—Dorothy and Vic Planché, 25, died in the Paris Hotel, New York, with Murray, Knowles and Morris.

—The Madison Square girls, probably the last page of *The Mirror*, will be the first to leave the country to keep alive the memory of their deceased members.

—Manager Joseph A. G

THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

PROVINCIAL.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

NEW YORK.—The selection of this year's *Opera House*, in *Paper*, 17th, and *Opera* in *Derry Creek*, 20th.

READING.

Opera House (John W. Miller, manager): The *Opera* will open, to great success, Oct. 1. The *parade* will continue, to great interest; *C. H. Smith* and *General Business*, 1st and 2nd, to large audiences.

WILKES-BARRE.

Music Hall (M. H. Sangerer, manager): *Frank Mayo* and *Jerry Conwell*, 2nd, to large house and general success.

YOUNGSTOWN.

Grand Opera House (C. F. Smith, manager): *National Chorus* goes to a very large house, 12th, to a great success. *Parade* of *Artists*, 21st, to a still greater success. *Music Hall*, 22d, to small but appreciable audience, 20th. *Pat Gondola* in *Hoboken* to a large audience, 21st; *Margaret Master*, 22d.

DETROIT.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliott, proprietor): *Music Box* as the *Conductor* a large and very enthusiastic crowd.

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WHEELING.

Opera House (F. R. Baker, manager): *Bartley Company's White Slave* opened 12th and 20th to good houses. *Colley Slave*, 19th, to a full house. *Tony Foster* came at a crowded house, standing room only shortly after doors were closed. *W. Carroll*, of *Sherman's*, 20th, very sick and unable to travel to Philadelphia for treatment. *Hershey's Minstrels*, 20th, *Romney Roy*, 21st and 22d, *Blackstone*, 23d.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Opera House (F. R. Baker, manager): *Bartley Company's White Slave* opened 12th and 20th to good houses. *Colley Slave*, 19th, to a full house. *Tony Foster* came at a crowded house, standing room only shortly after doors were closed. *W. Carroll*, of *Sherman's*, 20th, very sick and unable to travel to Philadelphia for treatment. *Hershey's Minstrels*, 20th, *Romney Roy*, 21st and 22d, *Blackstone*, 23d.

CANADA.

Opera House (J. C. Comer, manager): *The Holmes* opened this resort 10th with *Gillette* in a very satisfactory manner. *Burns* was good all week. *Patricia*, 14th, and *Patience* week of 15th.

TORONTO.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliott, proprietor): *Music Box* as the *Conductor* a large and very enthusiastic crowd.

MONROVIA.

Academy of Music (William G. Elliott, proprietor): *Music Box* as the *Conductor* a large and very enthusiastic crowd.

ALLEGHENY.

Academy of Music (G. C. Aspinwall, manager): *Dunlap's Minstrels* closed down a large and enthusiastic audience, 1st, standing room only at a previous early in *Monrovia*. The play was well presented and clearly understood. *W. Carroll*, of *Sherman's*, 2nd, *Blackstone*, 3rd, *White Slave*, 4th, *Colley Slave*, 5th, *Patricia*, 6th, *Patience*, 7th, *Blackstone*, 8th, *Colley Slave*, 9th, *White Slave*, 10th, *Patricia*, 11th, *Blackstone*, 12th, *Colley Slave*, 13th, *White Slave*, 14th, *Patricia*, 15th, *Blackstone*, 16th, *Colley Slave*, 17th, *White Slave*, 18th, *Patricia*, 19th, *Blackstone*, 20th, *Colley Slave*, 21st, *White Slave*, 22d, *Patricia*, 23d, *Blackstone*, 24th, *Colley Slave*, 25th, *White Slave*, 26th, *Patricia*, 27th, *Blackstone*, 28th, *Colley Slave*, 29th, *White Slave*, 30th, *Patricia*, 31st, *Blackstone*, 32d, *Colley Slave*, 33d, *White Slave*, 34th, *Patricia*, 35th, *Blackstone*, 36th, *Colley Slave*, 37th, *White Slave*, 38th, *Patricia*, 39th, *Blackstone*, 40th, *Colley Slave*, 41st, *White Slave*, 42d, *Patricia*, 43d, *Blackstone*, 44th, *Colley Slave*, 45th, *White Slave*, 46th, *Patricia*, 47th, *Blackstone*, 48th, *Colley Slave*, 49th, *White Slave*, 50th, *Patricia*, 51st, *Blackstone*, 52d, *Colley Slave*, 53d, *White Slave*, 54th, *Patricia*, 55th, *Blackstone*, 56th, *Colley Slave*, 57th, *White Slave*, 58th, *Patricia*, 59th, *Blackstone*, 60th, *Colley Slave*, 61st, *White Slave*, 62d, *Patricia*, 63d, *Blackstone*, 64th, *Colley Slave*, 65th, *White Slave*, 66th, *Patricia*, 67th, *Blackstone*, 68th, *Colley Slave*, 69th, *White Slave*, 70th, *Patricia*, 71st, *Blackstone*, 72d, *Colley Slave*, 73d, *White Slave*, 74th, *Patricia*, 75th, *Blackstone*, 76th, *Colley Slave*, 77th, *White Slave*, 78th, *Patricia*, 79th, *Blackstone*, 80th, *Colley Slave*, 81st, *White Slave*, 82d, *Patricia*, 83d, *Blackstone*, 84th, *Colley Slave*, 85th, *White Slave*, 86th, *Patricia*, 87th, *Blackstone*, 88th, *Colley Slave*, 89th, *White Slave*, 90th, *Patricia*, 91st, *Blackstone*, 92d, *Colley Slave*, 93d, *White Slave*, 94th, *Patricia*, 95th, *Blackstone*, 96th, *Colley Slave*, 97th, *White Slave*, 98th, *Patricia*, 99th, *Blackstone*, 100th, *Colley Slave*, 101st, *White Slave*, 102d, *Patricia*, 103d, *Blackstone*, 104th, *Colley Slave*, 105th, *White Slave*, 106th, *Patricia*, 107th, *Blackstone*, 108th, *Colley Slave*, 109th, *White Slave*, 110th, *Patricia*, 111th, *Blackstone*, 112th, *Colley Slave*, 113th, *White Slave*, 114th, *Patricia*, 115th, *Blackstone*, 116th, *Colley Slave*, 117th, *White Slave*, 118th, *Patricia*, 119th, *Blackstone*, 120th, *Colley Slave*, 121st, *White Slave*, 122d, *Patricia*, 123d, *Blackstone*, 124th, *Colley Slave*, 125th, *White Slave*, 126th, *Patricia*, 127th, *Blackstone*, 128th, *Colley Slave*, 129th, *White Slave*, 130th, *Patricia*, 131st, *Blackstone*, 132d, *Colley Slave*, 133d, *White Slave*, 134th, *Patricia*, 135th, *Blackstone*, 136th, *Colley Slave*, 137th, *White Slave*, 138th, *Patricia*, 139th, *Blackstone*, 140th, *Colley Slave*, 141st, *White Slave*, 142d, *Patricia*, 143d, *Blackstone*, 144th, *Colley Slave*, 145th, *White Slave*, 146th, *Patricia*, 147th, 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*Blackstone*, 384th, *Colley Slave*, 385th, *White Slave*, 386th, *Patricia*, 387th, *Blackstone*, 388th, *Colley Slave*, 389th, *White Slave*, 390th, *Patricia*, 391st, *Blackstone*, 392d, *Colley Slave*, 393d, *White Slave*, 394th, *Patricia*, 395th, *Blackstone*, 396th, *Colley Slave*, 397th, *White Slave*, 398th, *Patricia*, 399th, *Blackstone*, 400th, *Colley Slave*, 401st, *White Slave*, 402d, *Patricia*, 403d, *Blackstone*, 404th, *Colley Slave*, 405th, *White Slave*, 406th, *Patricia*, 407th, *Blackstone*, 408th, *Colley Slave*, 409th, *White Slave*, 410th, *Patricia*, 411th,

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